

Good 200 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

LOOK WHO'S READING "GOOD MORNING"

HERE'S good news for you, Sig. John Day: Six-month-old Michael John is the perfect baby; your wife told us that, and she should know. "He never cries, and sleeps soundly all night," she said.

Your first son makes a lot of work now; as soon as your wife knits clothes he grows out of them, and he's just starting to throw things around.

NEWS AND A PHOTO FOR SIG. JOHN DAY

Mother and father are very well, and your own folk at Wimbledon are fine and look forward to your wife's weekly visits.

By the way, they are saving their pickle allowances for you, and all say they will appreciate your cooking more than ever now. Your mother-in-law wonders if you still wear your hat when cooking!

The "Surrey Hounds" has changed hands recently, but although your wife hasn't been there since you were home, she has little doubt but that you will be as welcome there as always.

Here's a question and a wish to close the message, John:



DO you know about the National Mouse Club? Ever heard of the "Mouse and Rat News"? Do you know that some mice skins make good gloves, and that most of them make good money?

The National Mouse Club was founded nearly half a century ago, and half its members to-day are women! The rest range from coal-miners to doctors, but the majority are breeders who have discovered the £ s. d. of the mouse game.

Mice need less attention than most pets. They are clean little animals, a fact which may bring news to housewives.

A DOE CAN DO.

In the course of a year a doe mouse will eat no more than about 1s. worth of food. In that time she can produce forty-eight offspring.

If any of these prove a prize-winner at any of the hundred or so smaller mouse shows, it may be worth £10 or more, according to its colouring and closeness of the ideal type.

A winner of the Victoria Cup for coal-black mice has changed hands for as much as £50 before now. An average price for good winners is £20.

If some of the forty-eight progeny are less fortunate, they can still be sold to hospitals for cancer research, coal

CALL BOY brings you to-day

Desirée; SHOPGIRL—SHOWGIRL

Men used to look twice at Desirée Cooper when she served them at a Lyons' teashop. Blonde, with the kind of figure that makes men think, she used to look at herself in her trim Nippy outfit, and say, "I wonder if I shall ever get on the stage. What have these chorus girls got that I haven't?"

Desirée's supervisor noticed her beauty, and prompted her to enter Lyons' competition for the loveliest Nippy of the year.

"No, I'd be wasting my time," she said. But Desirée was talked into entering, and at the firm's Sudbury sports ground she paraded with two hundred other pretty shopgirls from all over Britain.

Mr. C. B. Cochran was the judge, and he plumped for Miss Cooper. "She is a very lovely girl. The others were delightful, but could not be compared with the winner," was his comment. Desirée sat back and thought, "Well, I've won a beauty contest. What now? What good has it done me? How is it going to get me on the stage?"

To say that from the time this New Zealand-born dancer got her first break she never looked back would be inaccurate; every time she goes into a new show she looks back. She invariably sends a couple of passes to her previous colleagues who are still in the teashop. The cloakroom at the particular shop is papered with cuttings and pictures of Desirée, the tea-girl who became a glamour-girl to a "T."

BY this time her young sister opened at her knock, only to break. She went to the Garrick Theatre, and was refused an audition. She walked away, and was so depressed that she wandered round and round London, and some hours later found herself back at the same stage door.

"That's good enough for me," thought Desirée. "If I danced in front of a mirror, Huia can get in, then I can, and always took good care of action."

It was a dreary Saturday afternoon when Desirée got her audition. The following Monday she was a showgirl and had sold her last bun.



PINK MICE? We always breed 'em complete with stripes

Says Peter Davis

mines for gas detection, or to zoos for feeding snakes—at six-pence a head.

For breeding purposes, a trio (two does and a buck) of decent colouring are usually worth 7s. 6d. per mouse.

IN RAINBOW HUE.

As some men continually improve the colouring of flowers,

so Britain's 1,000 professional mice breeders are always busy trying to improve the rainbow hues of their protégées.

Silver, black, blue, tan, champagne, red, and grey mice are common. Some mice are spotted in leopard patterns. Others are striped with colouring, embodying every pastel tint.

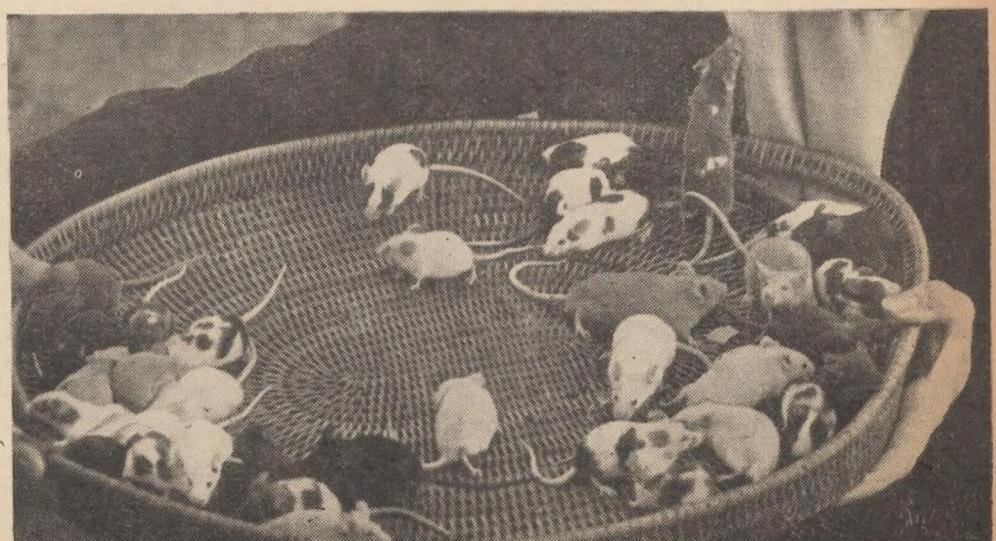
The pink-eyed white mouse comes nowhere in the race, except to help soften some very definite shades or to strengthen his weaker coloured brothers. And all the mice are a pure line descent of twenty genera-

chilla and silver-grey varieties. Black mice skins, believed to be lucky, are turned into amulets and sold for astonishing prices.

One mice fancier, Mr. William Rayner, always keeps 1,000 in stock for commercial purposes, and has bred 5,000 mice since he started in business twelve years ago.

In the Plymouth mouse farm, run for a hobby by Mr. W. Nankevins, the lucky mice are fed on whisky whenever they catch mouseland's worst complaint—asthma.

Hence, perhaps, the reason



Continuing: How the Brigadier slew the Fox

"MY HORSE FELL BENEATH ME!"

By
CONAN DOYLE

THE night promised to be a stormy one, which was very much to my liking. It was my desire to keep my departure most secret, for it was evident that if the English heard that I had been detached from the army they would naturally conclude that something important was about to happen.

My horse was taken, therefore, beyond the picket line, as if for watering, and I followed and mounted him there. I had a map, a compass and a paper of instructions from the marshal, and with these in the bosom of my tunic, and a sabre at my side, I set out upon my adventure.

A thin rain was falling, and there was no moon, so you may imagine that it was not very cheerful. But my heart was light at the thought of the honour which had been done me and the glory which awaited me.

This exploit should be one more in that brilliant series which was to change my sabre into a baton. Ah, how we dreamed, we foolish fellows, young, and drunk with success! Could I have foreseen that night as I rode, the chosen man of 60,000, that I should spend my life planting cabbages on a hundred francs a month! Oh, my youth, my hopes, my comrades! But the wheel turns

and never stops. Forgive me, my friends, for an old man has his weakness.

My route, then, lay across the face of the high ground of Torres Vedras, then over a streamlet, past a farmhouse which had been burned down and was now only a landmark, then through a forest of young cork oaks, and so to the monastery of San Antonio, which marked the left of the English position.

Here I turned south and rode quietly over the downs, for it was at this point that Massena had underrated the cunning of these English, for it appears that there was not one line of defence, but three, and it was the third which was the most formidable, through which I was at that instant passing. As I rode, elated at my own success, a lantern flashed suddenly before me, and I saw the glint of polished gun-barrels and the gleam of a red coat.

in winter become open plains, and a horseman finds few difficulties in his way.

But Massena had underrated the cunning of these English, for it appears that there was not one line of defence, but three, and it was the third which was the most formidable, through which I was at that instant passing. As I rode, elated at my own success, a lantern flashed suddenly before me, and I saw the glint of polished gun-barrels and the gleam of a red coat.

"Who goes there?" cried a voice — such a voice! I swerved to the right and rode like a madman, but a dozen squirts of fire came out of the darkness, and the bullets whizzed all round my ears. That was no new sound

to me, my friends, though I will not talk like a foolish conscript and say that I have ever liked it. But at least it had never kept me from thinking clearly, and so I knew that there was nothing for it but to gallop hard and try my luck elsewhere.

I rode round the English picket, and then, as I heard nothing more of them, I concluded rightly that I had at last come through their defences.

For five miles I rode south, striking a tinder from time to time to look at my compass.

And then in an instant — I feel the pang once more as my memory brings back the moment — my horse, without a sob or stagger, fell stone dead beneath me!

(To be continued)

ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



SONG OF THE SINGER

Stitch, stitch, stitch—but not in the squalid surroundings of Hood's song. The Singer is run by an Arab tailor in Marrakesh, an outdoor workshop composed of a table and a mat. As it is the only sewing machine in the place, the women come and hand over their jobs and hear the gossip while they wait for the work being done—and the bill. Trade unions don't exist there.

JANE

Jane has been tramping the streets of Much Petting in a vain search for lodgings....



MODERN—BUT OLD GREEKS KNEW IT

HOW'S this for a long shot? About the year 600 B.C. the Greek philosopher Anaximander thought that all matter is made of an extremely elemental "stuff," not appreciable by the senses only, but requiring to be grasped also by the mind. Then Thales (also about 600 B.C.) thought everything was made of water; Anaximenes (554 B.C.) considered the primary substance was air; Heraclitus (513 B.C.) thought it was fire; Democritus (440 B.C.) considered everything was made of little hard atoms.

Modern science in the 19th century thought everything consisted of little hard atoms, too, but in the 20th century these atoms have turned out to consist of nothing but minute charges of electricity. The material basis of "matter" has gone, and Professor Eddington, in 1928, announced that "the stuff of the world is mind-stuff"—meaning that (in the words of Anaximander) "it is not appreciable by the senses only, but requires to be grasped also by the mind."

QUIZ for today

1. Hyssop is a plant, drug, disease, Scottish bullock, drink?
2. Who wrote (a) Wild Wales, (b) Jonathan Wild?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Burgundy, Port, Sherry, Champagne, Claret?
4. On what river does Cambridge stand?
5. Who said, "A right little, tight little island?"
6. How long do rhinoceroses live?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Diurnal, Segregate, Honorarium, Gormandize, Faunul?
8. What rank in the W.A.A.F. is equivalent to a Major in the Army?
9. Who was Mr. Dangle?
10. What is the date of Trafalgar Day?
11. Dickens was born in 1810, 1812, 1814, 1816, 1818, 1820?
12. Complete the pairs: (a) Poet and —, (b) Frankie and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 199

1. Stone seat in a church.
2. (a) Captain Marryat, (b) Israel Zangwill.
3. Chesterfield is a piece of furniture; the others are styles of furniture.
4. Tewkesbury.
5. Charles II.
6. Cuzco.
7. Tom Walls, in 1932.
8. Bartholomew Diaz.
9. Hotel des Invalides, Paris.
10. Three (in a triangle below the Crown).
11. 1829.
12. Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Answer to Picture Quiz in 199: A SPONGE.

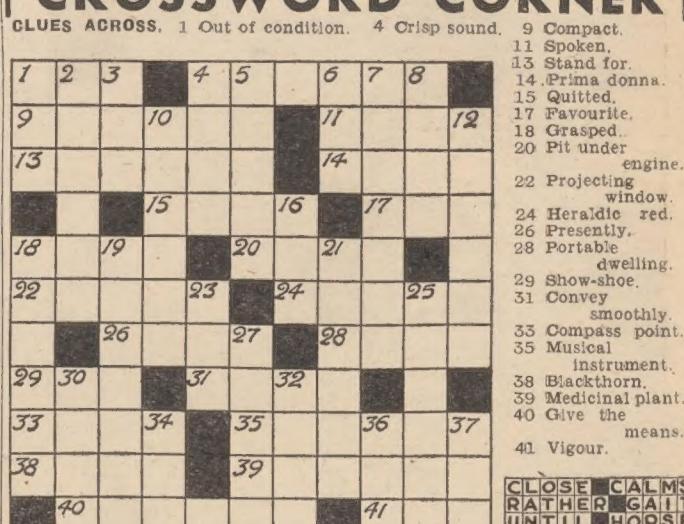
When wilt Thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns,
but men!
Ebenezer Elliott
(1781-1849).

Things are in the saddle
And ride mankind.
Emerson.

The louder he talked of his honour, the faster we counted our spoons.
Emerson.

I defy the wisest man in the world to turn a good action into ridicule.
Henry Fielding.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES DOWN.

1. Former. 2. Organ of touch. 3. Winnow.
4. Clever. 5. Sail strips. 6. Incline head. 7. Dis-able. 8. Possess. 10. Auburn. 12. Most up-to-date. 16. Pull hard. 18. Villas. 19. Connection. 21. Meat. 23. Moo. 25. Allure. 27. Of ships. 30. Vegetable. 32. Fervour. 34. Drink. 36. Edge of cavity. 37. Sleep.

CLOSE	CALMS
RATHER	GAIT
UNTIL	HORSE
SEEN	SWAGGLE
HREP	EAR
TS	Y
COS	ERECT
LEEWAY	LODE
ACRID	BARON
RAGS	POISES
EPEES	WROTE

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



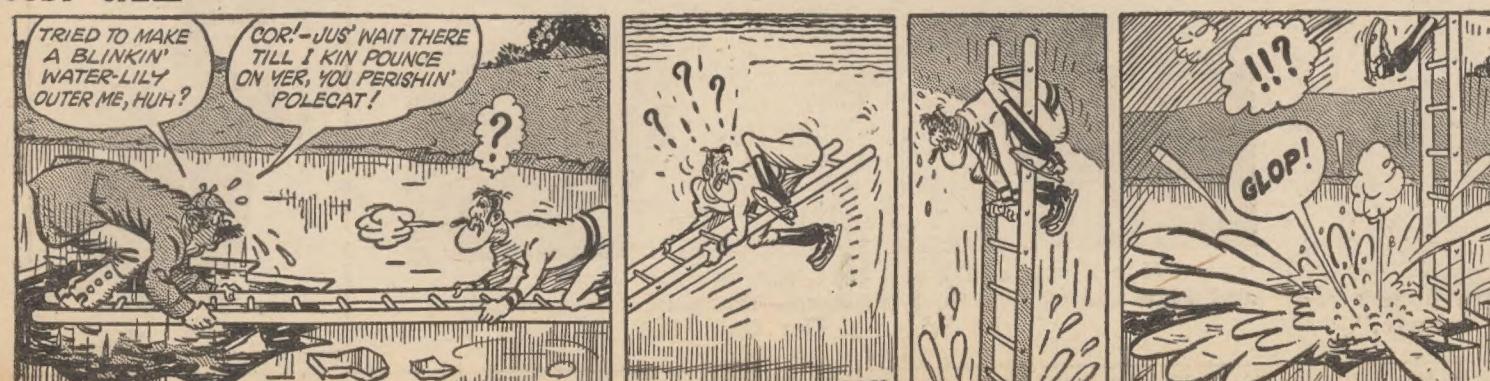
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 11

BOLTON WANDERERS

IT'S a long way from Bolton to Wembley Stadium, but the Wanderers of that town have made the trip, with success, on three occasions, in 1923-26-29, and each time returned to Bolton with the F.A. Cup in their possession.

I was present at Wembley in 1923, when such a crowd surged on to the playing pitch that few thought the match would ever be played. But a policeman, mounted upon a white horse, did eventually make way for the players, and Bolton commenced their game against the powerful West Ham United team.

The players, before the kick-off, had to help clear part of the pitch, and J. R. Smith, Bolton's centre-forward, suddenly found himself being patted on the back by a stranger. Then he laughed.

For in the middle of nearly 200,000 people he discovered his brother, who had been living abroad; the first time they had set eyes upon each other for fifteen years! After the game, when the Cup had been handed over to the Bolton skipper, and he himself had scored one of the Wanderers' two goals, Smith spent a happy reunion with his brother.

What a great team Bolton had in 1923! There was goalkeeper Dick Pym, a fisherman from Devon; Jimmy Seddon, the centre-half; David Jack, J. R. Smith, Joe Smith, and Ted Vizard among the forwards. All were team-men and played with this uppermost in their minds.

The village of Turton, near Bolton, is the "cradle" of Lancashire football, but it took Bolton three years to catch the flame from Turton.

Then Thomas Ogden, schoolmaster at Christ Church School, Dean Road, called a meeting of the Sunday School teachers and young men from the congregation. They each subscribed sixpence for the purchase of a football, and a subscription of one penny a week was decided upon. Later, a twopenny fine was introduced for those who swore on the field!

The club, after a time, prospered, but they could not secure a settled ground, hence their name, "Wanderers."

Having settled Burnden Park as their home, Bolton Wanderers have never looked back.

Before the war the vast majority of the Wanderers' players were attached to the Territorial Army. At Dunkirk, nine of these men met on the bomb-scarred beaches, kept together, and in the most hectic moments found a little time to discuss football.

It was Howard Knight, coxswain of the Ramsgate lifeboat, who eventually brought those footballing-fighters back to England, and since then, when their military duties allowed, they have shown their skill.

Bolton for many years possessed one of the finest scouts and coaches in football in Walter Rowley, but the club prefers, when possible, to develop local lads. By this method they have unearthed some grand players.

Ray Westwood, their inside-left, is one of the best, while "Twinkler" George Eastham, now of Blackpool, is another.

When the Wanderers first got on the track of Eastham he was assisting a Blackpool junior side, at the same time learning a baker's trade. His uncanny dribbling ability made managers from all parts of the country take an interest in him, and George had long been marked down by Bolton.

After one really brilliant display many officials sought Eastham, but the Bolton scout "got in" first.

He took Eastham to his home, chatted with him, and more or less kept him prisoner—although the player did not know this—until the other officials had departed and he was able to take the lad to Bolton and sign him for the Wanderers.

Bolton have always had a great team, and their present side is no exception. When peace returns, and cup-ties are resumed, watch the youngsters of Bolton!

By John Allen

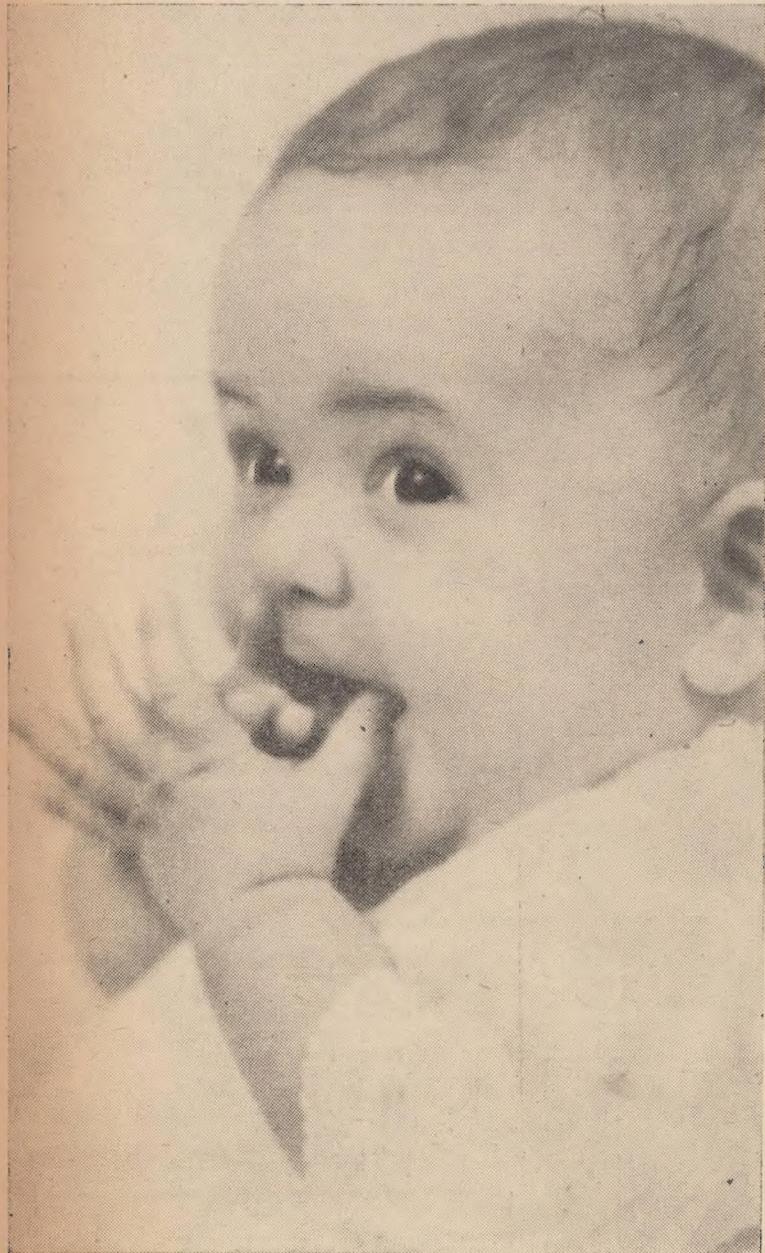
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Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

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This England

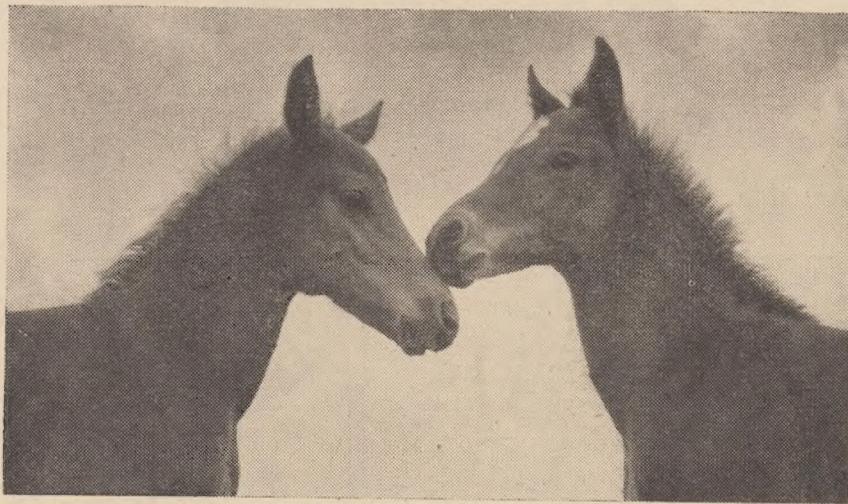
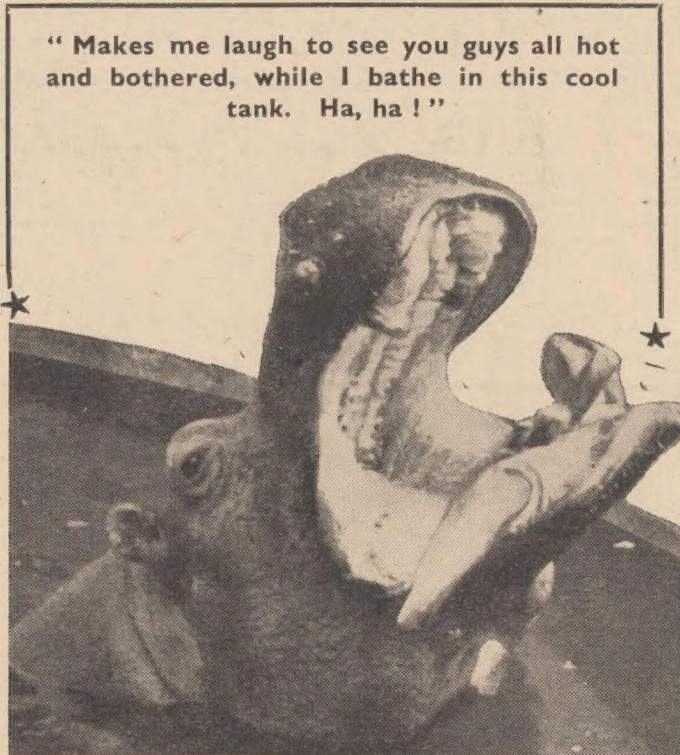
A delightful view of the Old Packhorse Bridge at Bakewell, Derbyshire.



SUCCULENT!

"Well, Mummy has just bathed me, and my fingers are all lovely and clean. Bet you'd like a taste."

We don't say that Martha O'Driscoll is waiting on the cliffs to sight you fellows, but we do wish the Universal star was dating us.



"I wonder if you and I will ever win as much money as Paw and Maw did?" "Oh, I think so — Frankly, I feel confident on winning The Oaks this year."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Such girlish chatter bores me."

